Clowne. I will goe before sir.
Mistres looke out at window for all this,
there will come a Christian by
vvill be worth a Iewes eye.

Shyl. What sayes that foole of *Hagars* ofspring? ha.

Iessica. His words were farewell mistris, nothing els.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile slow in profit, and he sleepes by day
more then the vvild-cat: drones hiue not with me,
therefore *I* part with him. and part with him
to one that I would haue him helpe to waste
his borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,
perhaps *I* will returne immediatlie,
do as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast bind, fast find.
a prouerbe neuer stale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*

Ies. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croste,
I haue a Father, you a daughter loste. *Exit.*

Enter the maskers, *Gratiano* and *Salerino.*

Gra. This is the penthouse vnder which *Lorenzo*
desired vs to make stand.

Sal. His howre is almost past.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwells his howre,
for louers euer runne before the clocke.

Sal. O tenne times faster *Venus* pidgions flie
to seale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
to keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.

Gra. That euer holds: who riseth from a feast
vvith that keene appetite that he sits downe?
vvhere is the horse that doth vntread againe
his tedious measures with the vnbated fire
that he did pace them first: all things that are
are with more spirit chased then enioyd.
How like a younger or a prodigall
the skarfed barke puts from her natiue bay
hugd and embraced by the strumpet wind,
how like the prodigall doth she returne

vvith ouer-wetherd ribbs and ragged sailes
leane, rent, and beggerd by the strumpet wind?

Enter *Lorenzo.*

Sal. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet freends, your patience for my long abode
not I but my affaires haue made you waite:
vvhen you shall please to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approch
here dwels my father Iew. Howe whose within?

Iessica aboue.

Ies. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare that I doe know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo* and thy loue.

Iessica. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
for who loue I so much? and now who knowes
but you *Lorenzo* whether I am yours?

Lor. Heauen & thy thoughts are witnes that thou art.

Ies. Heere catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you doe not looke on me,
for I am much ashamde of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselues commit,
for if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush
to see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Ies. What, must I hold a candle to my shames,
they in themselues goodsooth are too too light.
Why, tis an office of discouery loue,
and I should be obscurd.

Lor. So are you sweet
euen in the louely garnish of a boy, but come at once,
for the close night doth play the runaway,
and we are staid for at *Bassanios* feast.

Ies. I will make fast the doores & guild my selfe
with some mo ducats, and be with you straight.

Gra. Now by my hoode a gentle, and no Iew.

Lor. Beshrow me but I loue her hartilie,